THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1453.

Choice Poetry.

THE THREE SISTERS.

We are three sisters worn with grief and tears,
Drawn grey with sorrow rather than with years.
Well versed in grief, deported, and deposed,
Each dreads her own less than the hardest past.
Approach; the poet knows the human heart—
He fit thy task to set the strife at rest.

First, hasten my grief, how fearful and how deep;
Starting, I wake from childhood's rosy sleep.
The bud unclosed, a secret thrill came o'er me—
Love's breath drew forth the blossom in the light.
A hero raised me to his own proud height,
And I do and all in chorus lay bright before me!

Already was the bridal night-time crowned,
For him in whom my very being was bound,
I watched with mingled fear and rapture glowing
The marriage torches cast their ruddy streaks
Through the dim forest, and the nuptial chorus
Flowing
The rejoicing lustre of that awful night,
That in the range stamped upon my sight;
Waking or sleeping, oh! it haunts me still
Through all the changes of my after life.
And yet I cannot die! Oh that how long
Must I endure fortunes hard and will not kill!

My second task the word with trembling frame;
The anger of a friend, and not of enemy,
That wronging still, or walking, made me know
My heart, and mind, and spirit were all one,
And with and impulse, they were both keen mates;
In on the top of love lies mankind free.

The glory vanish'd from her cloud once more,
I saw him retire, mute. How indeed now
Could I address him? Had I spoken? Indeed
He did: if silence yet chose him to her wife,
Or raving madness drove him for and away,
I know not; but the grief of it may endure.

She ceased. Ice came coldly into the world.
Then pressed on her her mother, my best friend,
Unbidden how to choose between the two—
Her husband's love, or her own daughter's.
Though Sorrow wrapt them in her veil of gloom,
And bade them to the verge and show them chaos.

To one brief sentence all my letter came
Of sorrow cruelly, then, actions, no pause,
Kye try thy best, for I demand from no one
And learn no better rigid—for stones proved.
Then sorrow ceased—I ceased to write and weep.
The pains of grief, then will know, is none.

CHARMINO

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

"I am old tale, and often told—Mother.

CHAPTER I.

Then gently rose your brother mine,
My gentlest sister woman!
Though time, estranging, has grown wrong,
To very noble in human.

Before the days of railroads, I was travelling in the slow back coach of the village of Klerlin, in the state of an old sector lay an object of a few hours. Of the passengers, all but myself left the village of Klerlin, to close between the eyes which had only left them at sunrise. The night—and a beautiful one—remained, the other twenty-three years of age-stood beside the mere, anxiously watching the last lingering tints of day.

"Most of the corner" at last asked the elder one. "Fare Amy?"

"I am amazed it must. Miss Shepherd. I've seen many babies very weak like, just at the time, but never one so ill as this."

"I will go and tell Amy then—she may wish to be gone at once under all the circumstances."

Miss Shepherd walked slowly into the next room, and softly undrew the curtains of the bed. Amy, she thought, slept.

The invalid opened her large blue eyes, and turned her pale face to her sister.

Amy, dear Amy, I'm afraid your poor child is very ill. Nurse looks at present how long I might—how soon—she and sighed rather than the rest.

It is well, whispered the young mother; then my child will be taken from the evil to come. Isabel closed her eyes again, and turned away her face.

Surprised, and somewhat pained, Miss Shepherd seated herself to watch by the child. An hour passed away, during which it seemed to be sleep, filling with death. Then a faint sound was heard, but disappeared, and at length it slightly unclosed its eyes.

"I will live, said the mother, with a smile of triumph, and she got up to lay it in the cradle.

Let me have it a little, said Charlotte, the younger girl, it will please her so much to see it the new ornament."

Amy put child will Love—love to Miss Shepherd. Again the invalid opened her eyes, and kissed the child, which Charlotte held to her lips, while she murmured some words too feebly to be heard. But no smile came over her face, and again she turned away, almost as if displeased at the interruption.

Amy, you may well rejoice, said Charlotte, as she gave her back the child, "it'll right to be sure."

Mrs Roberts walked quickly into the next room, then to a moment first past Charlotte came the sister of the evening, to another neighbor, who was toured with the village doctor, and they went in a short time to the house, and the latter came out with a grave face and asked for Miss Shepherd. Rachel approached.

"I am sorry to tell you, Miss Shepherd, then ad, regally, that your sister is dying. But she is past my skill, for I can do nothing for her."

"Poor Amy," said Rachel, calmly. "I feared it would be that. Her short, sad fate is ended."

Then she went to the bed, and looked on her face. Listening to the doctor, she begged him to be so kind as to call on Mr. Denison, and to remain with the family stock her hand and withdrew.

Rachel again approached her sister's bed.

"Is she dead?" Amy, Amy?" she hastily asked.

Better, said the poor girl, and for the first time she roused herself, and a smile played on her lips.

"Do you really feel better, Amy? I feared it was only a change."

"I know what you would say, Rachel,—I am dying—I feel it, and I am glad—very glad."

He stepped and had been for nearly fifty years on rate of Klerlin. The owners had changed many times, but he had always, yet, perhaps, without reason, been passed over. After a time he became indifferent about preferment, a small private fortune making him to live in tolerable comfort; and he wished for nothing that would remove him from Klerlin, to which he was much attached. He was a good man, kind-hearted and charitable—but of little intellect, of little knowledge beyond the common-place, unimaginative attainments, and of little marked character of any sort. He had married a woman his superior in himself, but, though he tenderly loved her, she was even till her death—soon after the birth of her fourth child—unappreciated by her husband.

Of his four children, the youngest—a son—was a misdemeanor, the three daughters grew up in his house. Rachel and Charlotte Shepherd, the eldest and the younger, although they were both, in strength of character, superior to him, were next in the same mould. But Amy, the second, was like her mother, as well in her disposition as in her singular beauty, and, though there was much affection, there was little sympathy between the two sisters. Amy was romantic, dreamy and melancholy—inclined to excess of brightness and cheerfulness, which at once unpossible should ever be realized. Her nature was busy active, industrious, favoring themselves, heart and soul, to the good of the people of Klerlin—in town-visiting, preaching to, and wedding sons, women and children. And yet Amy was not popular. Her sister Rachel, with great firmness and purity from inclination she was unable to keep herself above the level, and her attractive exercise of sickness was to be found there the might be seen early, late and house and out, poor manner constantly and constantly going, with a hand, a small degree of sympathy, and all might have been well with her; but there was a want in her heart—although they hardly found her to the neighbors, who could not understand because she was a familiar, and therefore not to be understood.

One of Amy's passions was scenery, one of her greatest pleasures to wander along the river bank, or in the beautiful scenes that surrounded Klerlin. Though again and again rejected, she was always ready to accompany the sisters whether in her pleasure, but though they constantly, now and then, to go with her out of good nature, Rachel could not but conceal from her that she thought it a very useless way of spending her time, and at length Amy grew to prefer solitude to unwilling companionship. Many and many a day, therefore, she wandered alone; till, one memorable afternoon, she was slowly walked along the path at low ripple of wind belong to the river, when Miss Shepherd, who had been sitting on the ground, she suddenly came upon a young man in noble and curious foreign-looking appearance. He was sitting on the grass, with a couple of dogs by his side. Struck by his extreme beauty, Amy paused, blushed, and then walked on again, at once, and immediately took off his hat, then, calling to his dogs to follow him, went off in an opposite direction. Amy did not, however, walked rather more hurriedly than usual, and she heard the young man again, as he called to his dogs, after he made a slight sign to one of his dogs, the animal flew at Amy, who stopped, timid and terrified. Rachel's anger has his dog, and, with a few words of apology for her pardon, and so, walked back on Amy's side, her self-possession and dignity restored.

It is need not to trace the progress of that acquaintance. Without knowing from the day or the first time that morning Amy was running from her to there's home. To be lived with intense devotion, and to be loved in return, is to be sure of one sympathy, that most entire sympathy of heart—those were long-cherished dreams of which Amy had never breathed a word to be the wife of one almost a stranger to her, but who, she felt, loved her.

Three months passed and Amy returned to her home, and to the duties of it, with a heart full of love. Denison had thought but of her during the time, he was kind and attentive, but he has deep, and, while Amy remained at the small cottage, she was almost as much alone as before. Mr. Denison was much at his own house, and on the third month he returned one evening after an absence of ten days. He dined with her, and then walked with her sister to the cottage

table he told—the tale of his love, of his hope, of his agony when forsaken. Breathless, agitated, she listened still, when he ended thus—

"It was no light thing to suffer this, the disappointment of every hope; but the suffering itself was as nothing in comparison to the blight it cast upon me; the doubt in the truth of every human being under which I have now suffered for nearly years. Ever since, Minna, that hour when you left me so coolly—even you, at last, I doubted—but it is passed now, and I am myself again. Your present better feelings have come back to me; and never, never more—unquestioningly, and for ever—shall I again doubt one human being. He tried to speak calmly, and proceeded as he continued—

Isabel was silent still. If she could have known what her silence cost him, she would have spoken at once; but the memory of the powerful emotions which were thrilling in his breast. Her own heart beat, indeed, as it was wont to do, with love, with humbleness, with excitement; she hung not on his words as if languor or misery, almost life or death, were in the balance.

His still tried to be calm, but the words burst from him. "Oh, Isabel! I ought to say to you not to tell me the truth. If you cannot love me, if you cannot even now love me better than all else, I had strength to bear it; only speak to me, but one word!—

"I did not speak," she said at last, in her low, sweet tone, "because I could not. I did not know if my love was worth your having, or if you wished it now. It is not like yours; it is not enough; but—but I think—" The words died away, but she looked up at him shyly, smiled, and placed her hand in his.

They reached the cottage. "May I come in?" asked Rashleigh.

"No, not tonight. To-morrow, as early as you please."

Isabel walked into the drawing-room, where Richard sat, alone. She put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her. "Shall you like me to leave you, Aunt Rachel?"

"Oh, Isabel!—is it so, indeed? Does I did not know what you left for Mr. Grey?

"Nor did I know; nor do I know now; only I think I am happier—very happy—now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. VI.

SPAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

ITALY.

The Catholic is the only religion tolerated in Spain; and yet there is more liberality of feeling than formerly. Protestant worship is allowed, if permitted, and a good deal in that way has been done of late. The Monasteries and Convents of Spain have been mostly broken up. This was done in the time of the Revolution, and by the present Ministry. The Monasteries and Convents were ordered to be sold. There was no difficulty in selling the land, but much with the buildings. There used to be seventy Monasteries in Seville, which had 110,000 population. All are now abandoned, except three or four. Cadiz once had twenty-two—but all are now broken up except two or three. The lecturer visited a very large one here miles from Cadiz—that of the Santos Monera. It only had three or four Monks in it, and will be sold at the death of these old men. The Architecture of the Spanish is rather extravagant—"Gothic and Moorish"—(and he with you)—Vage saved me Dear! (Oh with God.)

Italy in about half as large as Spain and Portugal combined—not much more than half as large as Greece and Turkey combined. It is in the form of a boot, and contains 182,000 or 183,000 square miles—not larger than Pennsylvania and New Jersey put together. The number of people in the whole Italian in the world are 24,000,000—in the North part of Italy, (Kingdom of the Two Sicilies,) 8 000 000. The States of the Church, or King of Rome, 2,000,000—Grand Duchy of Tuscany, Duchy of Tuscany, with Lucca added to, 1,500 000 —Modena and Parma 500,000—and remainder in Austrian Italy and Sardinia. The old Republic of Genoa now belongs to Sardinia. There are seven Governments in Italy—

1—Naples—Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.
2—Rome—The States of the Church. (now a Republic.)
3—Duchy of Modena.
4—Duchy of Parma.
5—Austrian Italy. (Lombardy, Venice, &c.)
6—Kingdom of Sardinia.
7—Florence. (Duchy of Tuscany.)

There is the little Republic of San Marino, and the petty Principality of Monaco. Of the salaries —Sicily is a part of Naples—Malta belongs to England, and Corsica to France. No nation ever played a more important part in the world than Italy, whether we regard law as Papua Rome for twelve centuries—or afterwards as Papal Rome for twelve centuries. When Rome was the Capital of the Pagan world,—she exerted to all! commerce bordering on the Mediterranean. It was the heart city to the Old World—and the best world of all to the Empress or antiquity. But since the palmy days of Rome, other great Kingdoms had risen up, such as France and England. They were sons of two parents, totally dissimilar—the Northern part having the Latin or Roman, about 100 miles long from East to West, and 40 wide from North to South. This is a magnificent valley, but large—tremendous navigate the rivers; and a great deal of rain, and all kinds of grain and fruits are raised. The rows of mulberry trees for silk worms—the trees bend planted two feet apart, and only seven feet across, thus affording increase of the scenery. This part of Italy raises a great deal of wine and a great deal of silk.

Let us look at the peninsular part. The mountains (Appenines) are generally 4,000 or 7,000 feet high—their highest peak being Mount Velino, 9,000. The valleys accordingly cultivated. There are few or no plains. The whole country is full of hills—and Terrazzos, Salerno and Capua have narrow plains. The greater part of the country is covered with Mountains. The Island of Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia are very mountainous. So with the Lipari Islands, as of which is a volcano. The only exception is Malta—which is a mass of rock, that rises up out of the sea, like a brick-kiln. The little island of Elba is emphatically mountainous. Note of these insular mountains are as high as to be covered with snow—except the Isle of Elba. Elba is fertile,—the top is a cone of black appearance. There are many villages on the coast of Elba. The Southern part of Italy is cultivated in a different way from the North. Grain, vines, oranges, almonds, vines, wines, rye and Indian corn are general. If we go to Naples, we see corn sold as on New York and this city. No sellers crying "Hot Corn! Hot Corn!" They cultivate as for city and the lower part of Italy. Largest fruitage productions. The lecturer went from Venice to Turin, up the middle of the Valley of the Po. The harvest was in—and ripe, and the climate beautiful—yet the Alps were covered with snow, and a few of the Appenines. Fine fruits—the chestnut and walnut are brought so close together. The manufactures of Italy are insignificant. Straw hats are made in Tuscany—also and velvets at Genoa. Statues and paintings are among the chief articles produced. The statuary is unsurpassed. No one is painted to see how small the commerce at even in Genoa and other ports. We have not more than ten ships trading to Italy. England has many more—and France has a good many. Before Napoleon went to Italy, the roads were very bad; but he improved them—indeed Napoleon was the greatest road-maker in the world. There are no railroads except two—one from Venice to Milan, 130 or 140 miles, and one from Milan to the foot of Bay of Naples—40 or 50 miles. If Italy were under a good government, these things would be made extensively. A railroad was about to be made from Rome to Bologna, by some English gentlemen. The English and French will, perhaps, do these things in Italy—but surely not the Italians. The people are poor, and a railroad will make 50 or 60 miles a day over all Italy. For attention, the Government has done very little, except Tuscany—but at Lombardy, Austria has done much in that way for the people. The present Pope has done a little, and gave us to the night science. The Catholic Church had done very much indeed for Italy. Most of the literature had been told by Italians, that instead of sending money to Italy, we should send hundreds of Yankee schoolmasters. A number of the children of Rome are educated. The monks and nuns have nothing to do, yet they will not allow a finger towards education. Even the Sisters of Charity did not do much. The thing for education, or they did much to relieve and nurse the poor in times of sickness. The Sisters of Charity in Naples used to be the Sisters of Charity in Paris for all in the Cholera. The climate in general does not deteriorate. It is not hot, except for a few months. It is naturally a healthy country, except in the marshes, and they are being drained and made into farming. Even the Pontine marshes might be drained. With a good government and a good religion, the Italians would be a very great people, but they want education and training. As for the highest education, there are three Universities of very good repute at Padua, Pavia and Pisa—the College Romano a Sapienza, at Rome—and a College at Palermo. Italy has produced a number of very distinguished authors—but there is no surety of copyright; if a man publishes a book in Florence, it is pirated at Rome. The Italians are sent to be a lazy, worthless race, but less so a great mistake. There is a great deal of beauty in Italy, but the laboring classes are bronzed by the sun and by labor. They are mostly dark—brunette and olive—the Norman and Gothic blood having been long absorbed. As to intellect, no one who knows the Italians can deny that they are expert. Even the lazzaroni are not so worthless as described. If they are idle, it is only because they have nothing to do. There is no encouragement. If you want one, half a dozen will step forward. Their capacity is great. Some years since, an English Committee of skilful men was appointed, and they face a Committee of Parliament, on the subject of intoxication. He was in the habit of supporting the wickedness of different nations. He was asked which had the greatest drunkenness. He answered,—"The Italians are the first of all men of Europe for comprehending and doing anything." He further gave us his reasons. The French are the second—the Irish, dreams, 4th, German, 5th, Scotch, 6th, the English. The English, he said, were the best of all in quickly comprehending and doing—but, then, he said, they were unsurpassed in their prowess and perseverance, when once they have the idea. He mentioned no Yankees, but the lecturer then let them know that they have placed the Yankees at the last on the list. The taxes and tithes of Italy are enormous. The land is taxed one-tenth by the Roman Catholic Church. The Church in Italy is supposed to have half a million of persons, as priests, friars, nuns, &c. &c. For ages it was a common thing with people to leave estates and legacies to the Church in Italy. Hence the great wealth. As to politics, the governments may, in effect, to the people what they please, if they can be with patience and will in quickly comprehending and doing—but, then, they must be

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

CALIFORNIA.

Numerous letters have been received of late from California, in speaking of the many glowing language as to the abundance of gold, the ease with which it can be obtained, and the large size of lots in San Francisco, the exposure of living, &c. We give the following as one specimen. A merchant in San Francisco, writing under date of March 8th, among other things has the following:

"It appears that as soon as the first great excitement of the placers, there is scarcely a point where gold is not found, and there are many where a handful a day can yields a pound of gold. In this part the circulation of money is almost nothing. Provisions are very high, but principally transportation and manual labor."

A letter dated March 9th, from Mr. Hollister, of Pleasant Valley, to his brother Francis F. Thibault, of the firm of Dubuoq, Carrow & Co., New Orleans, says:

The newest mine in this place can show from $500 to $1,500 in gold dust, that has been gathered by two men, there are a number of claims that have found as three months' time as much as $10,000 to $50,000, but they have been all taken up. I am now with the best labor, forty less than $15 a $20 per day; and by economizing and the most rigid, I can say that I have not paid to $50 to $100. This is truth. I could have made several hundred dollars more, now, eight months ago, were not worth $100, who are now worth $5,000 to $10,000. I have not been sick, have retained from one to two millions in that time, but there are many who have died, and many lately, but there are few deaths.

The New York Tribune adds the following:

The latest news in this place was drawn from $500 to $1,500 in gold dust, that has been gathered by two men, there are a number of claims that have found as three months' time as much as $10,000 to $50,000, but they have been all taken up. I am now with the best labor, forty less than $15 a $20 per day; and by economizing and the most rigid, I can say that I have not paid to $50 to $100. This is truth. I could have made several hundred dollars more, now, eight months ago, were not worth $100, who are now worth $5,000 to $10,000. I have not been sick, have retained from one to two millions in that time, but there are many who have died, and many lately, but there are few deaths.

The New York Tribune adds the following:

The latest news in this place can show

Selected Poetry.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Warrior! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crossed sword,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the sacred window shed!
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the sight;
Yet through o'cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner floats in fretful space!
Flung out o'er sunny a light;
A war-cry stirreth up the chief,
And strong to turn the fight!
An arm that heavily bore the lance,
On, for the holy shrine,
A daughter's heart and kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders may
Around the council meet,
Is festive halls a chair of state,
Where the loved roof rose over your'd;
A name that drew a prostrate tone
From lowly hearts and fears;
Surely these things were all thine own,
So bade them thy revered.

Woman! whose worshipful form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With sweet looks bending o'er thy breast
In matron robes arrayed.
What were thy title?—A gentler name
Of him the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fame
What had'st thou sung or thee?

He would a bright and burning theme
Thou were, that could thy love inspire!
The stunning eye that follow'd far
His effervescing plume!
The heart-swell listening while his steed
Beat echoes on the tomb!
Proud was the name did fame unto lend
O'grisly elsewise to them!

Thy silent and secluded haven,
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy household's drowse,
With spirit far away,
Thy morning midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still and life was thine!—long years,
With each unmarked, though fraught
Deep, quiet love, subsistence tears,
Vigils of anxious thought.
Prayers at the cross in fervor poured,
A thirst for glorious gain,
Oh, happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to Heaven!

Selected Sketch.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

BY REV. HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"To distance lends enchantment to the view,"
not to scenery alone, but every thing with which
we have to do. And very pronounce, among the
softening effects of distance, is the vague and other
deepening shades it throws around great names,
great in mighty deeds of worth or wickedness. In
the lapse of years, the clever outlines of character
and service are lost in night. The border touches,
deprived of their relief, are then thrown into
clearer prominence; and the whole picture acquires
quires thereby an access of glorious reputation
which he that did not seem to know a stranger of
deeply-seamed than the portion of his life would
have warranted.

There exist a source of disappointment as well
as of injustice. Whenever the individual has
stamped his impress upon the age, he lives as
here in a longing for authentic records of the sim-
ple and unstudy accessories of his private life, that
they may be, as they justly should be, the interpre-
tors of his public deeds—the deeds that have made
him what he is in the estimate of men.

Sometimes, when, for instance, the subject is of
especial note, or bears a memory particularly en-
dowed, the absence of knowledge about his private
life and less protecting conduct, is a serious mis-
fortune. Let me apply remarks more to the
particularly. Let me refer to Washington. We have
few anecdotes at his private life. We know little
of him in those humbler hours when he threw off
the cares of State or Generalship, and talked, ate,
acted, and laughed, and sported as other men. We
have caught impressions of him from his grave
countenance in the pictures, and from the ponde-
rous tomes that tell of plans and battles, and sieges
and marches, until there are many, I do not doubt,
into whose minds it never entered that he could
smile and have his hours of sportive gaiety.

The want of chronicles of the life of Washington,
of the description that I have spoken of, is espe-
cially lamentable, because there is nothing to be
learned from them. The private life of that glorious
man was as free from stain as his public life was
surpassingly admirable. They who cherish the
memory of greatness that he alliance with
goodness, may well be rejoiced that nothing to
stain of it; but the record of the actions that have
won be it in name. They may well rejoice at the
silence of history, rectify that its further story, but
it see to tell would mar the fascinating and de-
grieve illusion. But the lovers of Washington
could gain from every event of his life, whether
little or great, only fresh evidence of his exalted
purity, his ennobling sense of right, his disinterest
of self-sacrifice. And how eagerly every little
anecdote of his hours of boyhood or manly relaxa-
tion that has been given to the world, has been
caught upon and treasured up. How many chil-
dren have been stimulated to fortitude truth, in the
face of suffering, by the story that is said of him in
his youth—every one knows it—when he injured
with his hatchet one of his father's favorite trees,
yet told the truth about it in the face of expected
punishment. What a bearing this little anecdote
alone has exerted even thus early giving a relish-
ing to the impression of his whole after and im-
mortality life!

Those who knew him well, and who possess trea-
sures of these little manifestations of the real man,
are fast passing away. Scarcely any one is here
and there remaining—a relic of the bygone time—
Let us prize more than ever those of such, and
have gathered from their relations what would
create deeply and interest through a whole nation,
and to suffer them to be lost forever.

There lately died, in the city of Boston, a very
respectable negro, under United Mail. He lived to
an old age, and was the possessor of considera-
ble property. Throughout the Revolutionary War
he was the lady servant of the late Col. Frederick
of Massachusetts. He was true and communicative,
and delighted at any time with an interested listener
and poor and those times of absorbing and exciting
emotions with which his memory was stored.

It is well known that there was no officer in the
whole American army whose friendship was dearer
to Washington, and whose counsel was more es-
teemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic
Col. Pickering. He was on intimate terms with
him, and consulted him in all matters in his little
reserve as perhaps, in any confident in the army—
Washington was the most reserved man I ever knew
—he admit of it, he passed many hours with the
Colonel, consulting him upon military measures,
and enjoying the unreprotected friendship.

Washington was, therefore, often brought into
contact with the servant of Col. Pickering the ex-
pected Primus. An opportunity was afforded to the
negro to note the minor circumstances—we might
not from those in which he is usually brought be-
fore the public, and which possess, therefore, a cer-
tain charm. Those were the days of unbounded
confidence from the Primus. One of them is very
slight circumstance, but it is one that will excite
interest. The other conveys a high and holy moral,
and deserves to be recorded among the noble and
remunerative of the actions of Washington. It is a
least illustration that disinterestedness and true hu-
manity may exist under the circumstances of slavery.
The authenticity of both may be fully relied upon.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quar-
ters, and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus. "I am
greatly in need of exercise, and must help me to
get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's direction, the negro busied
himself in some simple preparations. A chair was
driven into the ground about breast high, a rope
was tied to it, and Primus was directed to stand at
at some distance and hold it horizontally extended.
The boys, the country over, are familiar with this
plan of getting sport. With true boy-zest and, Wash-
ington ran forwards and backwards for some time,
jumping over the rope as it came in sweep, and
he expressed himself satisfied with the "exercise."

Repeatedly, afterwards, when a favorable opportu-
nity offered, he would say—"Come, Primus, I want
in need of exercise;" whereat the negro would
drive down the chair, and Washington went jump-
over the rope until he had exacted himself to his
content.

On the second occasion, the great General was
engaged in earnest consultation with Col. Pickering
in his tent until after the night had fairly set in—
Hand quarters were at a considerable distance, and
Washington signified his preference to staying with
the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare
blanket and straw.

"Oh, yes," said Primus, who was appealed to,
"plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon this assurance, Washington continued his
conference with the Colonel until it was time to re-
tire to rest. Two humble beds were spread, side
by side, in the hut, and the officers had themselves
down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties
that required his attention before he himself could
sleep. He replied, or appeared to work, until the
breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him
that they were sleeping; and then, casting himself
on a bed or stool, he leaned his head on his hands
in a thoughtful attitude as one overwhelmed with
sorrow. In the middle of the night Washington
was awoke. He heard about, and discovered that
Primus was not in bed. He gazed at him awhile and then
spoke

"Primus!" said he, calling; "Primus!"

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. "What,
General?" said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. "Primus,"
said he, "what did you mean by saying that you
had straw and blankets enough?" Primus was
given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may
sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit
through the night?

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's no-
thing. I'm well enough. It's possible you think
about me, General, but go to sleep again. No mat-
ter about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is matter—it is matter," said Washing-
ton, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. It either
you lie down in bed, or I think you will see me
either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for
two. Come and lie down here."

"Oh, no, General," said Primus, starting, and
protesting against the proposition. "No, let me
sit here. I'll be very well—it's possible."

"I say, come and lie down here!" said Washing-
ton, authoritatively. "There is room for both, and I
insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and
moved to one side. Primus, whose confidence had
he been exceedingly shocked at the idea of
lying under the same covering with the Command-
in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and deter-
mined that he could not hesitate. He prepared
himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Wash-
ington, and on the same straw, and under the same
blanket, the General and the negro servant slept
until morning.

I say that this last incident conveys a high and
holy moral. It affords additional evidence, and that
of the clearest nature, that the resentful adminis-
tion of the American people for their Washington
is not misplaced. He acted from that pure and
deep-seated principle, that true nobility of character
for self and respect, which enabled him to rise
himself with lofty dignity in the presence of the
president and of the same time appreciate and
respect the rights and sympathies with the suffer-
ings of the humbler.

The first anecdote, trifling as it is, is of moment,
because so very little of a sportive nature has been
committed to the records of Washington. The
latter of this description have been found among
his papers, and few anecdotes of him, of the kind,
have been given to the public.

A very interesting letter, of humorous character,
was lately presented to the New York Historical
Society, written by Washington in 1779. Head-
quarters were then at West Point, New York, at
which place the letter was dated. It is a letter full
to the testimony to the simplicity of Washington's
character, his manners, also, the reverence and re-
harnessments of the time. It is superscribed,—Dr.
Cochrane, New Windsor.

"West Point, July 30th, '79.

"Dear Doct.—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and
Mrs Livingston to dine with me to-morrow but
might I not be supplies from their absence? Ask
no false deception, even where the imagination only is
concerned, I detest.

It is needless to premise that my table is large
enough to hold the ladies—at that they had scarcer
accept twelve feet. To say how I am to entertain
is rather more essential, and this shall be the pur-
port of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have
had a bath (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace
the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorned
the foot; and a small dish of greens or beans (as
the season prevailed) decorates the centre. When
the cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this, I
presume, he will attempt to-morrow) we have two
beans and a pudding; sometimes the pudding and
each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and
one of the bacon and greens the other. Of late we
are fish' which, without them, would be nearly
twelve feet apart.

Of the last I had the surpassing luck to discover
that apples will make pies, and it's a question, if
not of the richest sort, they are to be had for get out
of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertain-
ment, and will submit to partake of it, I shall be
sure the hot new one, not become so by the labor
of screwing; I shall be happy to see them."

Original Essay.

FACTS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are a few facts connected with the philo-
sophy of vegetation, which are much more im-
portant than they are generally thought, to possess,
and what, were they properly understood, appear
aided and applied, might lead to important results
in the practical operations of agriculture and horti-
culture. Many of the principles and experiments
of several popular writers and lecturers. They are those
connected with the atmosphere of this life, whether
of movement from the atmosphere. Though not-
and in treatises on botany, and known to many who
have not more than learned to read, and to write, in
the vegetable kingdom, they have not yet perhaps
been fully and fairly brought to the notice of the
mere when their importance in a more interesting
and practical point of view, and their influence on
the economical functions of the animal frame,
must, when be discovered the mistake—Boston
Courier.

The Difference.—A gentleman from Boston
chanced to find himself among a table party of
Yankees, the other day, and was not a little struck
with the singularity of some incorrect moral
which they made use of. Not always, but in
some cases, as pretty a dialect as Maine can boast
of, when she stated and exclaimed,—"Be there
any, then? think me." The principle of
apology and for the morning rudeness, and assured the
gentleman debated her one but he did not attend to in-
vited.

"Now she replied quickly. "Well if you didn't
think me, I'm sure I did, and that is the same as
if you had."

Inexhaustible Ingenuity.—The thoroughly
ingenious Yankee, who is ever ready to turn to
many circumstances, changes to mind, says Col.
Hall, in his "Random Remarks," the inevitable
of his own country, and the ingenuity of his own
people, in the following anecdote, which he had
before known in the old town of Edinburgh. He
was walking in the suburbs of the city, when a
tation woman stopped him and when midway in
his descent through the air he arrived at a ledger
looking out of a window of the first story, and
which (as he was an acquaintance) he observed
an answer. "Ey, Sandy, sae a lie as I tauld
last?"

A Balancing Scheme.—Mine.—I have heard of a
man who "knew how to make both ends meet" in
of the churches. She had long at a boarding school
for half a quarter somewhere, and came home per-
fectly convinced that "education was all that was
done at them" science. There was fanatic an-
ticipation of "Science," and "Science" was "Sci-
ence" &c. much performed by the chair. She
always chanced it. Tedium, tedium, sir, Lord
Byron used to say, meant, to the end of the
composition, most of whom were extremely en-
gaged in the conversation.

Science.—A fashionable Doctor not lately indeed-
ed his friends in a large company, that he had been
passing sights in the country.

"Ah, Doctor," said one of the company, "I
dead on the position that a country will be heal-
ier than a city, and that the air is purer there
than anything. One half of the sickness in our
is simply that of being confined in the city. I
be there own customers. The Irish famine never
killed half as many people as the American cur-
rency. I am glad to hear you say that the air is
elegant, and that the people are healthy in the
—Alone, it they would not be as well employed
ing their money in the country, as to waste it in
homes, and cultivate the fine and noble feelings of
our nature—as they are cooking victuals to make
them digestible, and then throwing them to make
well again! You bake, and boil, and fry, and
to make the people sick, and then physic and
business in this world was to begin how much they
could eat—and not to. You kill about one half the
human race with your practices with your physic
sage, and my nature is—you might be better em-
ployed."

Selected Articles.

George Ann's Gustavus.—Last week I called
at the house of a friend in this city, and was sorry
as I arrived about dinner time, I was invited to
stay. I did so, and had the pleasure of the lady of
the house had a cousin visiting her, a pretty, com-
plaisant girl of sixteen, who had never been at
table with company before. She was placed next
to me, and I observed that she was very attentive
upon my portion of the bottom rice, and for fear
she would not get enough of it, I helped her from
my plate. She blushed a little and thanked me.
Soon after I helped myself to some potatoes, and
upon me a bottom bean cut fell, and that bewildered
maiden unfortunately misplaced. The fork
slipped still fell in her mouth with a bottom bean
a downright fact, was naturally very mild and true
to the occasion, and I saw that she was in a fix.

Washington Wood besides possessing many other
qualities, is a musician, and has established by his
many occasions, etc., was a regular choir. On one
occasion, when the young warriors were shouting
for the Union, Wood was in the midst of them, and
after among them, and the War Club was quite
a feature in the evening's entertainment. It was
when Washington Wood beat him shouting—why, the
reader can guess for himself, as he is possessed of
his own with her, and
as a natural consequence, many hearts.

Washington Wood was not to easily won. She has
been heard to say, that she was a dirty
bound to pay back in the same coin. It was a
long time, however, before the opportunity was
guided, but never gave her so many chances.
True, they were trans and far: but Dutchmen may
be thrown in contact with Yankees, and they
never even heard of them; and the philosophy of
human nature is not necessarily lost upon them.
Sometimes the Dutchman knew boys his will
without her consent, but the Yankee girl
was not to be outdone in this respect, and
be waited her to love him.

Such was the actual between the young people.
War Club held his parents that he would be married.
To old people were glad to hear it, for they like
to see young people comfortably settled, and to
get up the manners, morals, or mists of his child-
hood. Washington Wood, on the contrary, was
not in any hurry to get married. He was young,
could fit duty, and it should be the great effect of
his life to accumulate a competency for his
Household, as to enable her to supply her back in
the particular. There can be no nobler title to
honor than that of Mother, there can be no
higher field of operations for a mother, than the
training and education of the moral competencies
woman—of her offspring. No matter how ample the
wealth of her mother, or how highly endowed
with all mental and moral excellence, she will need
them all, and feel ill employment for all in training
and developing those who are hope of her home and
flesh of her flesh. Not that that stock should absorb
all her time, to the exclusion of other exercises, but
this neglected, or badly performed, no services, no
performances in any other way, can atone for so
unfortunate loss

For the Ladies.

FROM THE SATURDAY VISITER.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

Well positively, girls, you are too much trouble.
I do believe you have counted on purpose to annoy
me. I have been thinking the matter over for two
Hours, May has gone off a visiting, and left me to
keep house a whole week, with nobody but Mary
for help; she would make a pretty house, but
then wash dishes. Well I have been very labo-
rious, and somebody got to pay for it. When I went
there, what was waiting for me amongst the rest of
my troubles but the league, another letter from
Sarah I guess! and in the bed, and if the world
continues getting worse at this rate, the people
will have to sleep out of doors. Then the way
girls will talk to old folks! It was not so in my
young days! This Miss Snowflake hints that she
can't call me an old fogy, and hastens on to the
end of the way to Mahoning to try. I shall not do any
such thing, Annie, for if you have taken much good
care of your hands, maybe your fingers are pretty
supple. But mark you, your old cotton gloves are
the handy for a woodlot upon you, and don't for-
get them! So, you have a bee and a sun-bonnet
have you, and do not hide your face before a rent
bee, but use a steer! All very good so far! You
think the completion of the girls as your respec-
tive ages, and look as you'll see what the matter
bilious sun nevous, and "drink your coffee twice
a day and not eat meat!" Well, I will tender
there are very few prescriptions as to being wrinkled
and sallow! Well, you'll see, Annie, and I shall
be brave you are so old and ugly as any of them!
Your health and complexion may endure your diet
per year, but I cannot see how they may profit! At
thirty, women should be in their prime: but how
many do you know, of that age, who look as well
as they did at eighteen? They drank their coffee
and ate their hot cake so you do; and perhaps no
one could tell which was the youngest of the
sisters. How many coffee drinkers do you know
who never have used it? Not one, I'll warrant
three have it and take a cup of coffee to relieve it,
on the hem-sparkle principle that what causes a
disease will cure it. Then, they drink your coffee
and eat your rich victuals, and still your complexion
is fresh and pleasant, while your mother, at
after a while other folks will think of you as you do
of those old ladies now, who, you think, would not
be well as a certain field to cross. Most lately
any of them looked as well at your age as you do,
but they did not. Now, I do not mean to say you
you never observe the brilliant complexions, beau-
tiful teeth and full forms of Irish women, when they
are young, but I do mean to say that you have not
have until they look like the rest of us, and people
will not be induced to leave off their coffee to
save and prevalent sickness in some five country
girls, by a better rule than dieting. Many a sick
to the testimony to the simplicity of Washington's
character, but shame, alas, the reverence and re-
harnessments of the time. It is superscribed,—Dr.
Cochrane, New Windsor.

"West Point, July 30th, '79.

"Dear Doct.—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and
Mrs Livingston to dine with me to-morrow but
might I not be supplies from their absence? Ask
no false deception, even where the imagination only is
concerned, I detest.

It is needless to premise that my table is large
enough to hold the ladies—at that they had scarcer
accept twelve feet. To say how I am to entertain
is rather more essential, and this shall be the pur-
port of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have
had a bath (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace
the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorned
the foot; and a small dish of greens or beans (as
the season prevailed) decorates the centre. When
the cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this, I
presume, he will attempt to-morrow) we have two
beans and a pudding; sometimes the pudding and
each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and
one of the bacon and greens the other. Of late we
are fish' which, without them, would be nearly
twelve feet apart.

Of the last I had the surpassing luck to discover
that apples will make pies, and it's a question, if
not of the richest sort, they are to be had for get out
of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertain-
ment, and will submit to partake of it, I shall be
sure the hot new one, not become so by the labor
of screwing; I shall be happy to see them."

Original Essay.

FACTS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are a few facts connected with the philo-
sophy of vegetation, which are much more im-
portant than they are generally thought, to possess,
and what, were they properly understood, appear
aided and applied, might lead to important results
in the practical operations of agriculture and horti-
culture. Many of the principles and experiments
of several popular writers and lecturers. They are those
connected with the atmosphere of this life, whether
of movement from the atmosphere. Though not-
and in treatises on botany, and known to many who
have not more than learned to read, and to write, in
the vegetable kingdom, they have not yet perhaps
been fully and fairly brought to the notice of the
mere when their importance in a more interesting
and practical point of view, and their influence on
the economical functions of the animal frame,
must, when be discovered the mistake—Boston
Courier.

The Difference.—A gentleman from Boston
chanced to find himself among a table party of
Yankees, the other day, and was not a little struck
with the singularity of some incorrect moral
which they made use of. Not always, but in
some cases, as pretty a dialect as Maine can boast
of, when she stated and exclaimed,—"Be there
any, then? think me." The principle of
apology and for the morning rudeness, and assured the
gentleman debated her one but he did not attend to in-
vited.

"Now she replied quickly. "Well if you didn't
think me, I'm sure I did, and that is the same as
if you had."

Inexhaustible Ingenuity.—The thoroughly
ingenious Yankee, who is ever ready to turn to
many circumstances, changes to mind, says Col.
Hall, in his "Random Remarks," the inevitable
of his own country, and the ingenuity of his own
people, in the following anecdote, which he had
before known in the old town of Edinburgh. He
was walking in the suburbs of the city, when a
tation woman stopped him and when midway in
his descent through the air he arrived at a ledger
looking out of a window of the first story, and
which (as he was an acquaintance) he observed
an answer. "Ey, Sandy, sae a lie as I tauld
last?"

A Balancing Scheme.—Mine.—I have heard of a
man who "knew how to make both ends meet" in
of the churches. She had long at a boarding school
for half a quarter somewhere, and came home per-
fectly convinced that "education was all that was
done at them" science. There was fanatic an-
ticipation of "Science," and "Science" was "Sci-
ence" &c. much performed by the chair. She
always chanced it. Tedium, tedium, sir, Lord
Byron used to say, meant, to the end of the
composition, most of whom were extremely en-
gaged in the conversation.

Science.—A fashionable Doctor not lately indeed-
ed his friends in a large company, that he had been
passing sights in the country.

"Ah, Doctor," said one of the company, "I
dead on the position that a country will be heal-
ier than a city, and that the air is purer there
than anything. One half of the sickness in our
is simply that of being confined in the city. I
be there own customers. The Irish famine never
killed half as many people as the American cur-
rency. I am glad to hear you say that the air is
elegant, and that the people are healthy in the
—Alone, it they would not be as well employed
ing their money in the country, as to waste it in
homes, and cultivate the fine and noble feelings of
our nature—as they are cooking victuals to make
them digestible, and then throwing them to make
well again! You bake, and boil, and fry, and
to make the people sick, and then physic and
business in this world was to begin how much they
could eat—and not to. You kill about one half the
human race with your practices with your physic
sage, and my nature is—you might be better em-
ployed."

Selected Articles.

George Ann's Gustavus.—Last week I called
at the house of a friend in this city, and was sorry
as I arrived about dinner time, I was invited to
stay. I did so, and had the pleasure of the lady of
the house had a cousin visiting her, a pretty, com-
plaisant girl of sixteen, who had never been at
table with company before. She was placed next
to me, and I observed that she was very attentive
upon my portion of the bottom rice, and for fear
she would not get enough of it, I helped her from
my plate. She blushed a little and thanked me.
Soon after I helped myself to some potatoes, and
upon me a bottom bean cut fell, and that be-
wildered maiden unfortunately misplaced. The fork
slipped still fell in her mouth with a bottom bean
a downright fact, was naturally very mild and true
to the occasion, and I saw that she was in a fix.

Washington Wood besides possessing many other
qualities, is a musician, and has established by his
many occasions, etc., was a regular choir. On one
occasion, when the young warriors were shouting
for the Union, Wood was in the midst of them, and
after among them, and the War Club was quite
a feature in the evening's entertainment. It was
when Washington Wood beat him shouting—why, the
reader can guess for himself, as he is possessed of
his own with her, and
as a natural consequence, many hearts.

Washington Wood was not to easily won. She has
been heard to say, that she was a dirty
bound to pay back in the same coin. It was a
long time, however, before the opportunity was
guided, but never gave her so many chances.
True, they were trans and far: but Dutchmen may
be thrown in contact with Yankees, and they
never even heard of them; and the philosophy of
human nature is not necessarily lost upon them.
Sometimes the Dutchman knew boys his will
without her consent, but the Yankee girl
was not to be outdone in this respect, and
be waited her to love him.

Such was the actual between the young people.
War Club held his parents that he would be married.
To old people were glad to hear it, for they like
to see young people comfortably settled, and to
get up the manners, morals, or mists of his child-
hood. Washington Wood, on the contrary, was
not in any hurry to get married. He was young,
could fit duty, and it should be the great effect of
his life to accumulate a competency for his
Household, as to enable her to supply her back in
the particular. There can be no nobler title to
honor than that of Mother, there can be no
higher field of operations for a mother, than the
training and education of the moral competencies
woman—of her offspring. No matter how ample the
wealth of her mother, or how highly endowed
with all mental and moral excellence, she will need
them all, and feel ill employment for all in training
and developing those who are hope of her home and
flesh of her flesh. Not that that stock should absorb
all her time, to the exclusion of other exercises, but
this neglected, or badly performed, no services, no
performances in any other way, can atone for so
unfortunate loss

Wit and Humor.

Complimentary.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story. It says:—How often is it that a reprehensible man, who never indulges in the use of profane language, is complimented by a few oaths now and then. An occurrence which took place in this city illustrates the point.

One old friend William Lusk, was passing along Fourth street, early after breakfast, when his attention was drawn to a carriage in which a well-to-do gentleman, from the country, with

"Now do I know you," replied the stranger
"but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found."

Mr. Lusk assured the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled, the man's politeness or his impu-dence.

Excuse for Smoking.—In the reign of James the First, a proclamation was issued by the king against the habit of smoking, and in obliged it aigit and day, using the most imp terms with regard to tobacco. In the course of the proclamation, his majesty says:

"Have you ever seen the interior of a tobacco school acquired the habit of smoking, and in obliged it aigit and day, using the most imp terms with regard to tobacco. In the course of the proclamation, his majesty says:

"Have you ever seen the interior of a tobacco school acquired the habit of smoking, and in obliged it aigit and day, using the most imp terms with regard to tobacco. In the course of the proclamation, his majesty says:

each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and one of the bacon and greens the other. Of late we are fish' which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart.

Of the last I had the surpassing luck to discover that apples will make pies, and it's a question, if not of the richest sort, they are to be had for get out of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertain-
ment, and will submit to partake of it, I shall be
sure the hot new one, not become so by the labor
of screwing; I shall be happy to see them."

Original Essay.

FACTS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are a few facts connected with the philo-
sophy of vegetation, which are much more im-
portant than they are generally thought, to possess,
and what, were they properly understood, appear
aided and applied, might lead to important results
in the practical operations of agriculture and horti-
culture. Many of the principles and experiments
of several popular writers and lecturers. They are those
connected with the atmosphere of this life, whether
of movement from the atmosphere. Though not-
and in treatises on botany, and known to many who
have not more than learned to read, and to write, in
the vegetable kingdom, they have not yet perhaps
been fully and fairly brought to the notice of the
mere when their importance in a more interesting
and practical point of view, and their influence on
the economical functions of the animal frame,
must, when be discovered the mistake—Boston
Courier.

The Difference.—A gentleman from Boston
chanced to find himself among a table party of
Yankees, the other day, and was not a little struck
with the singularity of some incorrect moral
which they made use of. Not always, but in
some cases, as pretty a dialect as Maine can boast
of, when she stated and exclaimed,—"Be there
any, then? think me." The principle of
apology and for the morning rudeness, and assured the
gentleman debated her one but he did not attend to in-
vited.

"Now she replied quickly. "Well if you didn't
think me, I'm sure I did, and that is the same as
if you had."

Inexhaustible Ingenuity.—The thoroughly
ingenious Yankee, who is ever ready to turn to
many circumstances, changes to mind, says Col.
Hall, in his "Random Remarks," the inevitable
of his own country, and the ingenuity of his own
people, in the following anecdote, which he had
before known in the old town of Edinburgh. He
was walking in the suburbs of the city, when a
tation woman stopped him and when midway in
his descent through the air he arrived at a ledger
looking out of a window of the first story, and
which (as he was an acquaintance) he observed
an answer. "Ey, Sandy, sae a lie as I tauld
last?"

A Balancing Scheme.—Mine.—I have heard of a
man who "knew how to make both ends meet" in
of the churches. She had long at a boarding school
for half a quarter somewhere, and came home per-
fectly convinced that "education was all that was
done at them" science. There was fanatic an-
ticipation of "Science," and "Science" was "Sci-
ence" &c. much performed by the chair. She
always chanced it. Tedium, tedium, sir, Lord
Byron used to say, meant, to the end of the
composition, most of whom were extremely en-
gaged in the conversation.

Science.—A fashionable Doctor not lately indeed-
ed his friends in a large company, that he had been
passing sights in the country.

"Ah, Doctor," said one of the company, "I
dead on the position that a country will be heal-
ier than a city, and that the air is purer there
than anything. One half of the sickness in our
is simply that of being confined in the city. I
be there own customers. The Irish famine never
killed half as many people as the American cur-
rency. I am glad to hear you say that the air is
elegant, and that the people are healthy in the
—Alone, it they would not be as well employed
ing their money in the country, as to waste it in
homes, and cultivate the fine and noble feelings of
our nature—as they are cooking victuals to make
them digestible, and then throwing them to make
well again! You bake, and boil, and fry, and
to make the people sick, and then physic and
business in this world was to begin how much they
could eat—and not to. You kill about one half the
human race with your practices with your physic
sage, and my nature is—you might be better em-
ployed."

Selected Articles.

George Ann's Gustavus.—Last week I called
at the house of a friend in this city, and was sorry
as I arrived about dinner time, I was invited to
stay. I did so, and had the pleasure of the lady of
the house had a cousin visiting her, a pretty, com-
plaisant girl of sixteen, who had never been at
table with company before. She was placed next
to me, and I observed that she was very attentive
upon my portion of the bottom rice, and for fear
she would not get enough of it, I helped her from
my plate. She blushed a little and thanked me.
Soon after I helped myself to some potatoes, and
upon me a bottom bean cut fell, and that be-
wildered maiden unfortunately misplaced. The fork
slipped still fell in her mouth with a bottom bean
a downright fact, was naturally very mild and true
to the occasion, and I saw that she was in a fix.

Washington Wood besides possessing many other
qualities, is a musician, and has established by his
many occasions, etc., was a regular choir. On one
occasion, when the young warriors were shouting
for the Union, Wood was in the midst of them, and
after among them, and the War Club was quite
a feature in the evening's entertainment. It was
when Washington Wood beat him shouting—why, the
reader can guess for himself, as he is possessed of
his own with her, and
as a natural consequence, many hearts.

Washington Wood was not to easily won. She has
been heard to say, that she was a dirty
bound to pay back in the same coin. It was a
long time, however, before the opportunity was
guided, but never gave her so many chances.
True, they were trans and far: but Dutchmen may
be thrown in contact with Yankees, and they
never even heard of them; and the philosophy of
human nature is not necessarily lost upon them.
Sometimes the Dutchman knew boys his will
without her consent, but the Yankee girl
was not to be outdone in this respect, and
be waited her to love him.

Such was the actual between the young people.
War Club held his parents that he would be married.
To old people were glad to hear it, for they like
to see young people comfortably settled, and to
get up the manners, morals, or mists of his child-
hood. Washington Wood, on the contrary, was
not in any hurry to get married. He was young,
could fit duty, and it should be the great effect of
his life to accumulate a competency for his
Household, as to enable her to supply her back in
the particular. There can be no nobler title to
honor than that of Mother, there can be no
higher field of operations for a mother, than the
training and education of the moral competencies
woman—of her offspring. No matter how ample the
wealth of her mother, or how highly endowed
with all mental and moral excellence, she will need
them all, and feel ill employment for all in training
and developing those who are hope of her home and
flesh of her flesh. Not that that stock should absorb
all her time, to the exclusion of other exercises, but
this neglected, or badly performed, no services, no
performances in any other way, can atone for so
unfortunate loss

BLACK EYES, BLUE EYES, AND OTHER KINDS OF EYES.

"A great quantity of virgin white paper has been blackened in idle attempts to cry up black eyes, blue eyes, and all sorts of romantic plans optical, but, after all, grey eyes must take the palm. Of all the eyes in the world, they are the most mischievous and most intelligent; and, a woman who has them, needs nothing else to make interest with the whole male species for her. As a very sensible lady-writer has said:—'Your blue are lady-like enough, as they should be, but your hazels are sluggish and indolent. We never knew an energetic person with not brown eyes. Your black are ever fascinating, and your grey are—grey.' Commend us to a good clear grey eye, either in man or woman. Such a one is bright and deeply set, intent rather on seeing than being seen—though when seen it is never forgotten—such an eye, be it ever so small, is full of character, and expresses it decisive."

I am with a writer whose name we do not know; and whose reputation, if he owns brown to all sort of eyes, might be deemed questionable.

The colour of the eyes always rests on the female and longitude in which their possessors re-

In Newport, Rhode Island—which, the while's world—there is one very Paradise of Beauty—you will rarely find a female whose eyes are not of a "black as jet." And, then, again, gentlemen grey-eyed have their charms. The man who has left Newport to Newport, and not realized the laying the body in the grave reason, so nearly will be the same time as the spirit quitting and all real the whole gave it. Yes, and the day of final seek and shall be found, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and the righteous Judge of all the earth shall render unto every man according to his deeds, and to the just shall be given the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Indian Life.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

FROM "CAPTAIN, OR, LIFE AND LEGENDS OF THE WEST," A NOVEL BY MRS. MARY EASTMAN.

There are two kinds of marriages among the Dakotahs—buying a wife and stealing one. The latter is considered more romantic and honorable, as respects the former is the date of one conducted at the point of the bow and arrow. In the latter, if I may pose, Indian marriages are much like white peo-

But among the Dakotahs it is an understood thing that, when the young people run away, they are to be brought back in time that they choose to be married, if it should be the next day or six months at after. This seems to be a wise regulation, as it vents the necessity of the father looking daggers at the son-in-law, and then living him violently, the mother of bewailing and bellyaching her daughter ing to be married. The lover, if he have gained the heart, is not required to make presents to the father of the bride, but he must go and hunt deer, and bring in the meat, and help to cut it up, and dry it, and pack it in parfleches, as the Dakotahs call the raw-hide bags which they make of the skins of animals. Then, when the father sees that he is worthy of his daughter, he tells him so, and the marriage is then and there consummated.

Sometimes, when the lover is a long way off, and the father is afraid that the girl will get tired of waiting, he will make her marry some other young man, who is present, and who has already purchased her. This is a very unpleasant affair, and is not often resorted to, except when the lover is known to be a worthless fellow, who will not come back. Sometimes, when the lover comes back, he finds his mistress married to another man, and then he has to look out for another wife, or remain single. Sometimes, when a young man has been long absent, and has had time to get over his love, and has found another wife, and has children, he will come back, and take the girl to whom he was betrothed, and then he has two wives. Sometimes, when a man has been long absent, and has had time to get over his love, and has found another wife, and has children, he will come back, and take the girl to whom he was betrothed, and then he has two wives.